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at the lowest rates, can be obtained at the above establish-
ment. a2-1f

CORALIE.

In one of the streets branching off to the right
as you go up the Champs Elysées towards the
Barrière de l'Etoile, exists Madame Sévère's
Pensionnat for young ladies; a tall, white, im-
posing building, as befits its character and pur-
pose. Almost conventional discipline is observed
at Madame Sévère's; the young ladies are sup-
posed to know nothing of the gay doings in their
neighborhood. But as they pace round and round
the monotonous garden, their eyes being in no
way amused, their youthful imaginations go wan-
dering to an extent little dreamed of by their
reverend directress or their reverend professor.

Love, lovers and weddings are, said to say, the
staple of the conversation of that nearly grown
up pair of friends, whispering as they walk.—
They are in fact discussing their pretty under-
teacher.

"Go away, my dear," says Miss Sixteen to Miss
Twelve, who comes bounding up to her.

"But what are you two whispering about?" asks
Little Curiosity.

"Never mind, my dear," says Miss Importance,
unconsciously imitating her own mamma's way
of sending herself out of the room on the arrival
of a confidential friend. "Go and play at Les
Grâces with Louise."

"And so, as I was saying," continues the oldest
girl of the school, "Madame called her down to
give her the letter; and you can't think how
awfully she blushed. I am sure she knew the
hand."

And now the confidante wonders if Mademoi-
selle can be really engaged, and who to? "None
of the masters, that's certain; for she never
speaks to any of them, not even to Monsieur
Ernest, the drawing master, who has more than
once hinted what a capital study Mademoi-
selle Fisher's head would make. The two girls think
a great deal of this Monsieur Ernest. School
girls generally do place a glory round the head
of one of the gentlemen who have the honor
of teaching them. A pretty young creature
once called herself to be desperately in love
as she called it, with her harp master, a little
elderly man in yellow slippers, who thoroughly
despised her for her want of musical talent."

Coralie was tall, and had a commanding car-
riage; her large eyes were black, a velvet black,
soft, not sparkling, with clear depths into which
it was pleasant to gaze; her complexion, of a rich
brown; and her well shaped head, a perfect mar-
vel of glossy braids and plaits. An elegant and
accomplished girl, she was nevertheless filling the
situation of under teacher in Madame Sévère's
school, with a salary of three hundred francs, or
sixty dollars a year, for which she engaged to
teach grammar, history, geography, writing, cipher-
ing, and needle work of every description, to
twenty pupils, whom she was expected never to
lose sight of during the day, [not even in their
play hours,] and moreover, being required every
morning to brush the hair of this score of ob-
streperous school girls. The half of Sunday once
a fortnight was the only holiday Coralie was al-
lowed during the half year.

A terrible life this for a sensitive, well edu-
cated girl of twenty-two. However, Coralie had
endured it unflinchingly for four years, and look-
ed plump and rosy still. Coralie was waiting
with all the faith of a pure heart for the return
of her affianced husband. A year more, and he
would be back; and as that thought rises, how
she bows her blushing face, and lays her hand
over her heart, as if the strong beats must be
seen by some of the thresome mother's cherubs
round her chair.

Coralie was an orphan. Her father, a medical
man, had died when the cholera was raging in
Paris. He had been respected by his professional
brethren, and, as a matter of course, beloved by
his clientele. What doctor is not? the family
doctor, we mean.

Poor Dr. Fischer died, just as his prosperous
days had set in, leaving a widow and a little girl
to the tender mercies of the world. And the
wind was tempered to the storm; some of the
many kind hearts of Dr. Fischer's patients ob-
taining for the widow the right to sell tobacco
and snuff, which enabled that poor lady to sup-
port herself, and have her Coralie educated.

When Coralie was seventeen, Eugene Peroud
one day came to pay his respects to Madame Fi-
scher. He called himself Coralie's uncle, being
the son of Dr. Fischer's stepmother by her first
marriage. Madame Fischer, therefore called him
mon frère, and Mademoiselle Coralie, at the be-
ginning, said mon oncle very respectfully.

This state of things lasted but a very short
time. Though there was abundance of reason for
questioning the relationship, there was none at all
for doubting that M. Peroud was very handsome,
and only twenty-seven. The assumed uncleship
allowed of unusual intimacy, and Coralie's young
heart was irretrievably gone before she knew she
had a heart to lose. Eugene left off petting her,
and distressed her greatly by calling her Made-
moiselle. Was he angry with her?

After various hesitations whether "to put it to
the touch, to win or lose it all," Eugene made the
mamma acquainted with the condition of his af-
fections. A cabinet council of the confessor and
one or two distant relations of the Fischer family
was held, and then it was graciously announced
to the anxious lover that his cause was won.—

Then it came out how very stupidly every one
had acted in making Eugene out an uncle; for
though it was allowed on all hands that he was a
mere pretense of an uncle, still the pretense was
substantial enough for the confessor to declare
that a dispensation in form must be obtained be-
fore the marriage could be solemnized. The lovers
were vexed and provoked; but it must be
owned that as they met daily to talk over their
plans and provocations, time did not hang long on
their hands.

As it always happens, no sooner is a marriage
decided on, than a host of difficulties show their
hydra heads in the paths to its realization. The
spiritual maternal affection of the Church of
Rome, produced number one; and the temporal
maternal affection of Madame Fischer, number
two; and the bridegroom's love of his profession,
number three. But Coralie was a girl in a thou-
sand, without any selfishness in her love; and
at least, if there was a slight dash of it, it was a
selfishness for two. The case was this, Eugene,

Peroud, though of a good bourgeois family, was
at the time we are writing of, only a sergeant in
one of the regiments of the line. It is a com-
mon practice in France for young men very re-
spectably connected, to enter the army as pri-
vates, and to work their way up to a commission.
Now Eugene, besides having every reason to ex-
pect his promotion within a reasonable time, had
a life rent of a thousand francs a year—about
two hundred dollars—and so Coralie considered
she was making so rich a marriage for a girl
without a son of dowry, that she might be sus-
pected of interested motives. Like many other
mammams, Madame Fischer was of a precisely op-
posite opinion to her daughter. She thought that
Coralie was throwing herself away.

"I have yielded to my child's feelings," said
Madame Fischer, with dignified emphasis, "and
the least I think I have a right to expect in re-
turn, is that the man for whom that child sacri-
fices so much, should willingly give up his ambi-
tious views to devote himself to domestic felicity."

"And how are we to live?" asked Eugene, in a
half petulant, humble tone.

"As we have hitherto done," said the lady, in
the same tone of injured worth. "I have duly
reflected on the plan I now propose, and to carry
it out I shall make application to have my license
transferred to my daughter. Eugene looked
aghast. "As for me—" here Madame Fischer
paused, and raised her handkerchief to her eyes
—"I shall not long be a trouble or a burden to
any one." Eugene laughed out at this assertion,
while Coralie exclaimed—

"Oh, mamma! how can you say such unkind
words to your poor little Coralie. Trouble! bur-
den! Oh, mamma, and when you have done so
much for me, for us." Then forcing back the
tears filling her eyes, she smiled, and lifting off
her mother's pretty little cap, gave to view
Madame Fischer's profusion of glorious black
hair. Tenderly soothing and kissing the braids
she said, "No, not one tiny silver line to be
seen; look, Eugene, is there? and mamma talk-
ing as if she were eighty."

"Foolish child," replied Madame Fischer, re-
placing the cap and its coquetish ribbons. "What
can my hair have to do with Eugene's giving up
the army?" Coralie shook her head, and looked
as if it had, but only said, "No, no, we will have
no giving up of anything. Time enough when
Eugene is bald and gray-headed for him to sell
tobacco and snuff; and who knows, mamma,
continued the brave girl, "but Eugene may live to
be a general. Wouldn't you like to see me a
general's wife, mamma, a grande dame, and go-
ing to Court; and Coralie held up her head, and
courtesied gracefully, coaxing the mamma not to
say again that Eugene's love for his profession
was no great proof of his love for his betrothed."

The day came at last, when there was no longer
any time for discussing the matter. It had
been supposed that the regiment, only lately re-
turned from foreign service, would remain at
home for some months. Now, however, it was
suddenly ordered to Algiers. Passionately as
Eugene desired military distinction, as he now
saw all Coralie's unselfish devotion, he felt al-
most inclined to relinquish every ambitious hope
for her dear sake.

"You must go, Eugene," said she, when he ex-
pressed some feeling of this kind. "You must go
—we have delayed too long for any other deci-
sion now. My brave Eugene, as brave as Bay-
ard himself, must be, like him, not only val-
lant, but sans reproche. I could not love Eu-
gene as I do, mother," turning to Madame Fi-
scher, who was murmuring some opposition, "if I
saw otherwise."

"Wouldst? named? did you say? Ah, well,
so that he comes back, I will be his crutch,"
and she pressed her lover's strong arm on her's flush-
ing over brow and bosom with the effort to sup-
port natural yearnings, natural fears. Catching
up a terrible word whispered by the mother she
flung her arms round his neck, crying, "No, no,
he will not die—he can not die; but, even so, it
is a soldier's duty to die for his country, and Eu-
gene will do his duty, and Coralie will do hers." Poor
heart, how it quivered, and how the tongue fal-
tered, as it spoke these brave words. No one
knew the hard victory over poor Coralie had won.
She herself only realized it when the fight was
over, and she was left to long days of alternate
anxiety and hope.

Madame Fischer had prophesied more truly of
herself than she had intended. After what
seemed a mere cold, she almost suddenly died.—
The revelation of her license had only been talk-
ed about, and not secured, so Coralie, at eight-
teen, found herself alone in Paris, her whole de-
pendence a few, very few francs, which the poor
mother had pinched herself for years to lay by
for her child.

The brave-hearted Coralie went at once to
those ladies who had befriended her mother.—
She told them of her engagement—she was very
proud of being the promised wife of Eugene Pe-
roud. She knew how willingly he would have
given her his thousand francs a year, but she
would rather try and support herself, until she
actually became his wife. Her mother's savings
Coralie wished laid aside, to be used as that dear
lost one had meant.

The ladies applied to their neices or daughters
at Madame Sévère's, and through their exertions
Coralie was received as under teacher. For four
years had Coralie brushed hair, picked out mis-
shapen stitches, and corrected incorrigible exer-
cises. A letter from Eugene sufficed to cover all
her head and heart weariness. What a delight
the first letter had been—she peered at every
word, till she had learned the trick of every let-
ter, how he crossed his 't's and dotted his 'i's—
the hand writing, indeed, seemed different from
other handwritings. Countless were the times
the thin paper was unfolded, to make sure that
he had really put that fond word where she
thought, and carefully was it refolded, and not
parted with night nor day, until another and an-
other no less dear had followed, each in turn
usurping its predecessor's throne. At last she
received the long looked for news: Eugene had
won his epaulettes in open fight, and had been no-
ticed by the Prince himself. How Coralie cried
for joy, and how Madame Sévère scolded her for
having flushed cheeks.

Mademoiselle Fischer left the pensionnat for
young ladies, and by the advice of Madame Fe-

ry, one of those who had shown most interest in
her at the time of her mother's death, she resolv-
ed to try what she could make of a day-school
for children rather than run the risk of encoun-
tering another Madame Sévère. There was no
time for much pondering; the poor creature, at-
tending the luxury of her situation, so Coralie at once hir-
ed a couple of rooms in one of the small streets
running into the Rue St. Honoré—a neighbor-
hood abounding in small shops, and populous with
small children. To furnish these rooms, sorely
against her wishes, our young schoolmistress had
to expend her mother's savings. Coralie had on
mortal sensibility, but she sorrowed over this in-
fringement of her mother's wishes as if that
mother could have been pained by the deed.—
She listened thankfully to Madame Fery, who
said the furniture would be as good a dowry as
the money, and tried to look satisfied; her judg-
ment was convinced, but not her heart.

Madame Fery went with her to the upholster-
er to choose the walnut wood furniture—that ob-
ject of ambition to young housekeepers. Ma-
dame Fery says she shall never forget Coralie's
face on that day, with its variations of sunshine
and cloud; while the firm, well poised figure, the
impersonation of youthful vigor, contrasted so
charmingly with the blushing, fluttered manner
which betrayed to her friend how constantly the
thought of the absent one entered into the choice
of one or other article. One chair, quite a large
reading chair, Coralie would have. Should it be
covered? "Oh, no; she would rather work a cov-
er for it." "A piece of extra-va-nance," said she
to Madame Fery, "but it will last all our lives,
and Eugene ought to have one. Don't you think
so?" And all sorts of fairy visions were dancing
before Coralie's eyes as she spoke.

Madame Fery had taken up Coralie's interests
in real earnest, and had by dint of severe canvass-
ing, procured several little scholars. It was
agreed that the usual monthly charge of five
francs should always be paid in advance. This
considerate arrangement saved Coralie from run-
ning into debt at the beginning, and before the
end of the first three months she was enjoying a
great glaze of prosperity. The mothers of her
first pupils' so boasted of her skill, in teaching
reading and writing, but, above all, of the won-
derful studies she taught their daughters, that
her little school prospered beyond all her expecta-
tions. Coralie even though she should soon
need a larger room and an assistant; but now
she would wait for Eugene's advice. Perhaps he
might not like her to keep a school, after they
were married. In his last letter he had bid her
write no more, for the regiment was under or-
ders to return to France. He was sure to be
with her shortly after his own letter. Every
thing was ready for him, and it was wonderful
what her industry and ingenuity had done for
her humble apartment. She had worked a large
rug, made the neatest and freshest of covers for
the little sofa, while the famous great chair was
a specimen of beautiful elaborate worsted-work,
a paragon in its way. There were helmets and
swords and banners flaming in charming confu-
sion on the seat and broad back, in the centre of
which last was a medallion with the interlaced
initials, E. and C. The pride of Coralie's heart,
however, was the pretty pendule on the mantle-
piece. The only drawback to her pleasure as
she looked round her was the absence of the two
vases with their bouquets which ought to have
flanked the pendule. They had yet to be earned,
and during the probation of this last month
even Coralie's energy and spirit gave way. She
could scarcely bear the sound of the little voices
round her; she was hardly able to command pa-
tience enough to allot the work—to answer the
never-ending questions about cotton and muslin,
and leaves and holes, and worsteds and silks.—
She was nearly wild with impatience for the hour
of release; but when it came, solitude appeared
more insupportable to her than the hum and buzz
and movement of the day. She could not com-
mand even one of those hopeful anticipations she
had longed for the hour of quietness to enjoy—
not one of her former bright visions of the future
would come at her call. She grew fearful and
superstitious, and waking or sleeping was pur-
sued by a phantom dread—a dread that she
would not have clothed in words for empire—a
shapeless dread that was withering her life, only
to be guessed at by the sudden alteration in her
looks. She grew pale and thin, and then came a
stare in her sweet eyes, and an impatient hard
sound in her voice.

The French are a kindly race, and the sympa-
thies of all who knew Coralie were soon in full
play. Heaven knows how every body was so well
informed; but the milk-woman who brought the
morning sous of milk let fall a drop or two over
the measure, with a smile: "Courage, mademoi-
selle, le bon temps viendra." The concierge and
his wife were ready to lay violent hands on the
postman's giberne; the shoe-black at the corner
of the street made daily inquiries; and as for
the épicière and his spouse, M. and Madame Bon-
nenuit, they could talk of nothing in their con-
jugal tête-à-têtes but Mademoiselle Coralie and
her officer fiancé. They perseveringly studied
a mutilated weathercock, which had long given up
service, and by which they always predicted a
far wind from Algiers.

When Eugene's return might be expected any
day, or even any hour, Coralie begged for a hol-
iday—all occupation had, indeed, become impos-
sible to her. The parents of her little flock were
enthusiastically unanimous in their consent:—
"Mais oui, mais oui, ma pauvre demoiselle; al-
lons donc, ma chère bonne demoiselle; du cou-
rage, ça va finir bientôt, le bon temps viendra."
"Le bon temps viendra!" repeated Coralie, and
this strong, lively girl would sit whole hours mo-
tionless, or move only to look at the hand of the
pendule.

At last, one Sunday morning, Coralie awoke
with an unusual feeling of cheerfulness; it was
early spring, and a bright sun was shining mer-
rily into her room, in defiance of her snow white
curtains—some caged lark near was singing his
pretty matine—and, as Coralie opened her win-
dow, a soft air wooed her heated cheek. A few
warm tears gathered in her eyes, her heart throbb-
ed tumultuously, and then she felt a present-
ment, she would scarcely own it to herself that
he would not come that day. First, Coralie
prayed, as she had not prayed for weeks—poor

soul she was trying to bribe Heaven! Then she
dressed herself in her pretty new blue muslin,
her hand shaking so that she could scarcely fix
the buckle of her band, she smoothed and smooth-
ed her hair till it shone like satin, laced on her new
brodequins, and finally drew forth a pair of cuffs
and a collar she had embroidered and laid by in
sweet anticipation of Eugene's return. "They
will grow quite yellow," soliloquized she, disem-
bell her own motive, "if I let them lie longer in
the drawer; and with sudden resolution she put
them on. And then—why then, she knew not
what to do with the long day, and sat down on
her sofa in restlessness, yet happy listlessness.

About noon, there was a man's step on the
stair—Coralie was not startled, not astonished,
she had known it would be so, only she ranted
hard as it came nearer, and at last stopped at her
door. She rose, but had no power to walk—a
low tap—"Entrez," she said, in a soft voice, with
her hand outstretched, as if she would have lit-
tled the latch herself. A uniform appeared—Co-
ralie sprang forward, and met a stranger—Eu-
gene, where is he? cried the bewildered girl, re-
treating, and her eyes turning from the intruder
strained as if seeking some one following in his
rear.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," answered the visitor,
"I have come by his wish. You, perhaps, know
my name—Jean Rivarol—I was Eugene's com-
rade for many years."

"He has often written to me of you," returned
she; "but you have expected to find him too soon
—he is not yet come—but he will very soon be
here."

The young man leaned his hand on the back of
a chair, turned a strange look at the excited
speaker, and then cast his eyes on the ground.

"In truth," continued Coralie, "I thought it was
he when you entered; and so," she added, after
a moment's pause, with a sweet smile, "to speak
truly, the sight of you was a disappointment, and
I was, perhaps, ungracious to Eugene's best friend
—forgive me! Think, I have been waiting for
this day five years—five weary years."

These last few words broke forth with a burst
of long pent-up feeling. Then with more com-
posure she asked:

"Where did you leave him?"

To this direct question, Rivarol, who was still
standing in the middle of the room, murmured
something like "on the road."

"He will be here to day, then?"

"Not to day, I think—I suppose—that is, as he
is not here yet."

"To-morrow?" persisted Coralie; "morning" or
evening, do you think?"

"I cannot tell," said Jean, evidently embarrass-
ed, and looking very pale. "Pardon mademoiselle,
my intrusion; I will take my leave."

Coralie thought he was hurt by the ungracious-
ness of her first reception.

"Nay," said she, gracefully, "you must look on
this as Eugene's home. It will be his—ours, in a
few days—and his friends will always be wel-
come. See, she went on, "there stands his arm-
chair, I worked the cover myself; and, to tell
you a secret, those slippers, and that smoking-
cap are for him. While he, poor fellow, has been
going through toil and danger, it would have
been too bad if I had been idle. I think Eugene
will be pleased with our modest home."

Rivarol threw a hasty glance around the room,
which seemed to take in all and every thing it con-
tained. "Sejour fait pour le bonheur"—[A home
made for happiness]—he exclaimed. He was
strongly moved, his voice was husky, and his col-
or went and came. Fixing a look on Coralie's
flushed, hopeful, expectant face, he rapidly ut-
tered some words about pressing business, and with
one hasty bow darted away.

"Monsieur, Monsieur!" screamed Coralie after
him, on the stairs. She had some new question
to put to him, as to in what exact place he had
left Eugene, but Monsieur was already out of
hearing.

"What a hurry he is in; I shall tell Eugene."
And with this determination, the stranger van-
ished from her thoughts, which returned to their
former train. Nevertheless, she had gained one
certainty, that her betrothed could not be with
her before next day.

To-morrow! how long! And yet it felt like a
relief. Anticipation long on the stretch, as the
intensely-desired meeting nears, becomes some-
what akin to dread. Se, the portress, who was
always running up on one pretext or another,
and other female neighbors—all in remark-
ably high spirits—were told that M. Eugene could
not arrive before the morrow.

The repeating this assurance constantly was
Coralie's only conversation with her humble
friends that day. Her heart was full of disquiet,
and when alone she almost muttered to herself
some of Rivarol's speeches, harping on "Sejour
fait pour le bonheur," or counting over her little
treasures in a dazed sort of way.

On the Wednesday following, toward evening,
as Madame Fery and her daughter Pauline, one
of Coralie's former pupils, were sitting together,
talking pleasantly over Coralie's happy pros-
pects, a ring came to the door of the apartment,
Madame opened the door herself, and there stood
a figure which for a few seconds she did not re-
cognize. The shrunken height, the stoop which
brought the shoulders forward like two points,
the shawl which hung over them in a wretched
dangle, the blanched cheek and lip, the sunken
eye, the premature lines and angles of age—all
bore the unmistakable impress of dire calamity
and forlorn despair.

"Chère Mademoiselle Coralie!" at length burst
from Madame Fery, in a voice of sorrowing sur-
prise. And taking her by the hand, she led her
in, in silence to a seat by the fireside, and then fold-
ing one of the girl's hands in her own, she asked
in a whisper, "What has happened?"

"Dead!" said Coralie, holding out a folded pa-
per to Madame Fery, and averting her face, as
if the sight of it scorched her.

It was a most touching letter from Jean Ri-
varol, asking forgiveness for his courage having
failed before the purpose of his visit to her on the
preceding day. At the sight of her he had not
the heart to speak, his tongue had refused to tell
her the fatal tidings. Eugene had fallen in a
skirmish for which he had volunteered only two
days before the regiment embarked for France.—
Jean Rivarol had been by his side, and receive

his last instructions. He had carried his friend's
body within the French lines, and given it Chris-
tian burial near Oran, putting up a rude cross
bearing the name of Coralie's affianced husband,
to mark the place where he lay, with a wreath of
immortelles, to show that a friend had mourned
over that distant grave.

God alone knew what the poor widowed heart
went through, for Coralie wrestled with her first
grief alone; no eye had been allowed to watch
those death throes of happiness. What can any
one say to the bereaved, but "Lord, we beseech
thee to have mercy?"

Good Madame Fery and Pauline cried as if
their hearts would break, but Coralie shed no
tears. She sat in a listless attitude, her eyes fix-
ed on vacancy, as if looking at and seeing only
her own thoughts.

"And when did you get this terrible letter, my
dear?" at length asked Madame.

"I do not know—a long time ago—just when I
was expecting him."

Madame Fery looked up alarmed at this an-
swer.

"I mean the day before yesterday," making an
effort to collect her thoughts. The day before
yesterday—Monday. An age of grief had passed
over me since then." And now, having broke si-
lence, she went on talking: "I have lived in him
—a love of so many, many years—it is very
hard I may say, no action of my life, however
trifling, not even the gathering a flower, but was
done with the thought of him in my heart. He
was the ruler of my life. And so he will be
still. For, Madame Fery, I have thought and
thought, and settled it all in my mind. I can
not remain in Paris, to see ever around me all
that I had prepared for his return—all I did for
him; I should go mad."

Madame Fery indeed began to fear she might,
and there occurred in the necessity of a re-
moval.

"You feel that," said Coralie eagerly, "you are a
real friend."

"And where would you go?"

"To Oran." And then Coralie told her plan.—
It was

MISCELLANEOUS

MILITARY TACTICS:

Expressly for the Militia of California:

BY WM. C. KIBBE,

ADJUTANT GENERAL OF CALIFORNIA

SUBSCRIBED TO AND RECOMMENDED

BY THE FOLLOWING:

GEN. WM. C. KIBBE, Adjutant General of California.

By having carefully and critically examined your new

Book on MILITARY TACTICS, we are pleased to recom-

mend the work as the best adapted to the purposes intend-

ed of any Tactics treatise.

The instruction is simple, concise, and well arranged;

completing everything of real utility required for Infantry,

Light Infantry, Rifle, Cavalry and Artillery Companies.

Comparing at the same time all the improvements of the

present day.

It is indeed a book which should be in the hands of every

Volunteer Soldier. We, therefore, cordially recommend it

to the Volunteer Companies, as in every way adapted to

their wants, and likely to secure that uniformity in their

drill so much to be desired.

Signed:

W. D. CORSE, R. D. RYAN,

First Lieut. Sutter Rifles, Capt. Sutter Rifles,

THOS. D. J. HILL, Capt. Sutter Rifles,

Capt. First California Guard, Capt. First California Guard,

ISAAC BOWELL, Capt. First California Guard,

WM. NEELY JOHNSON, Capt. First California Guard,

THOMAS J. HILL, Capt. First California Guard,

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MISCELLANEOUS.

500 Cases Green and Black Tea-

100 cases P. M. Yacht Powder,

500 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

300 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

200 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

100 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

50 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

25 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

12 1/2 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

6 1/4 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

3 1/8 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

1 5/16 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/16 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/32 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/64 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/128 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/256 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/512 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/1024 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/2048 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/4096 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/8192 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/16384 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/32768 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/65536 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/131072 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/262144 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/524288 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/1048576 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/2097152 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/4194304 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/8388608 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/16777216 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/33554432 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/67108864 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/134217728 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/268435456 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/536870912 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/1073741824 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/2147483648 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/4294967296 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/8589934592 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/17179869184 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/34359738368 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/68719476736 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/137438953472 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/274877906944 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/549755813888 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/1099511627776 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/2199023255552 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/4398046511104 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/8796093022208 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/17592186044416 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/35184372088832 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/70368744177664 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/140737488355328 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/281474976710656 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/562949953421312 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/1125899906842624 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/2251799813685248 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/4503599627370496 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/9007199254740992 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/18014398509481984 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/36028797018963968 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/72057594037927936 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/14411518807585584 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/28823037615171168 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/57646075230342336 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/115292150460684672 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/230584300921369344 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/461168601842738688 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/922337203685477376 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/1844674407370954752 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/3689348814741909504 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/7378697629483819008 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/14757395259367638016 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/29514790518735276032 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/59029581037470552064 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/118059162074941104128 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/236118324149882208256 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/472236648299764416512 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/944473296599528833024 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/1888946593199057666048 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/3777893186398115332096 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/7555786372796230664192 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/15111572745592461328384 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/30223145491184922656768 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/60446290982369845313536 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/120892581964739690627072 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

7/241785163929479381254144 lbs. Assorted Tea and Green Candies,

MISCELLANEOUS.

WAINWRIGHT, RANDALL & CO.

Real Estate & Stock Auctioneers

No. 100, MERCHANT ST.,

SAN FRANCISCO

We respectfully inform our friends and the public gener-

ally that we have connected with other business that of

HOUSE BROKERAGE

GENERAL DIRECTORY

And have made extensive arrangements for conducting

business satisfactorily to all who may favor us with their

patronage.

As these new branches possess novel features and not

having been before introduced in this city, we deem it

proper to make manifest their advantages, not only to our

own citizens, but to all who may visit our city.

HOUSE BROKERAGE

This department is an agency for leasing and letting

DWELLING HOUSES, STORES, SHOPS, ROOMS, AND

BUILDINGS of every description, and will receive treat-

ment in importance demands. From the advantages

derived from the "Directory Department," and having

management for every kind of business, we are enabled

to place at the disposal of all who may favor us with

their patronage, the most complete and up-to-date in-

formation for the city and its vicinity. All persons who

may have occasion to use our services, will find them

entirely satisfactory. We are, therefore, prepared to

receive and transact business with all who may

favor us with their patronage.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

This department includes a REGISTER, already

prepared of all persons (except Chinese) within the limits

of the city, by reference to which we will be enabled to

locate the residence of all persons who may be desired

for any purpose. We are, therefore, prepared to

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